

A. W. Auner, Song Publisher, Philada. Pa.

DRIVEN FROM HOME.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY WILL. S. HAYS.

Music of this Song Published by

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Out in this cold world, out in the street,
Asking a penny of each one I meet,
Shoeless I wander about through the day,
Wearing my young life in sorrow away;
No one to help me, no one to love,
No one to pity me, none to caress,
Fatherless, motherless, sadly I roam,
A child of misfortune, I'm driven from home.

CHORUS.

No one to help me, no one to bless,
No one to pity me, none to caress;
Fatherless, motherless, sadly I roam,
Nursed by my poverty, driven from home.

The flowers that bloomed that I once loved to see,
Seem bowing their heads as if pitying me,
The music that mingles with voices of mirth,
From the windows of pleasure and plenty on earth,
Makes me think what it is to be friendless and poor,
And I feel I shall faint when I knock at the door,
Turn a deaf ear, there's no one will come,
To help a poor wanderer driven from home.

CHORUS.—No one to help me, &c.

O! where shall I go, or what can I do,
I've no one to tell me what course to pursue,
I'm weary and foot-sore, I'm hungry and weak,
I know not what shelter to-night I may seek.
The Friend of all friends who rules earth and sea,
Will look with a pitying eye upon me.
I'll wander about 'till his messenger comes,
To lead me to father and mother at home.

CHORUS.—No one to help me, &c.

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